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ART IN DIFFICULTIES.

I WAS but fourteen when my father died, leaving me alone in the world. I had no near relative, nor any one connected by closer ties than those of friendship and professional acquaintance. I had been early trained in drawing, and my father, who was himself an artist of some reputation, had taken much pains to cultivate my taste for that which seemed likely, and, in fact, turned out to be the only inheritance he had to leave. There seemed no resource left for me but the charity of friends, who were, for the most part, themselves artists—a race who, until they have reached the foremost ranks of their profession, have seldom much to spare, if they are even beyond the need of a helping hand themselves. Just at this time, however, an old friend of my father received an application from a medical institution in Russia to provide them with a person qualified to make accurate coloured drawings of anatomical subjects, and, from what he had seen of my capabilities, did not hesitate to recommend me to fill the post, accompanying his nomination with such strong personal testimony from himself, as outweighed any objection naturally suggested by my youth, and gained me the appointment.

I held this office for eight years, during which I was constantly employed in portraying every conceivable form of disease and deformity, as well as the less revolting subjects of an ordinary anatomical school. I had never, however, lost my love for the higher branches of art, or the enthusiastic desire to distinguish myself among its true votaries, and I laid by every penny I could save out of my salary, which was liberal, with the view of one day making a pilgrimage to Rome, and studying in the metropolis of art itself. At last I thought I was warranted in making the attempt, and I resigned my post, and found myself in due time on the threshold of the temple. I worked with incessant application for four years, and, at the end of that time, won a silver medal in a public competition, for a painting in oils. A young French nobleman took a fancy to my picture

and myself—bought the former, and promised that if I would settle in Paris, he would see that my genius received the reward it deserved. It was arranged accordingly that I was to present myself at his house early in the following November; and I set to in the meantime to spend my leisure as agreeably as I could among my friends at Rome. I was never what could be called either wild or extravagant in my habits, but still I had not failed to acquire somewhat of the thriftless style of living so common among artists. In the beginning of June, however, I bethought me that I must look a little more closely into my affairs than I had lately been in the habit of doing, and I was rather astounded to find, that after paying all my debts, rent included, I was not worth more than about fifty francs in the world! How was I to make my way to Paris, and present myself in proper guise at the house of my young patron? During my sojourn at Rome, I had made a fair income by my profession, but I knew by experience that what I could *save* in the few months I had before me would be a mere trifle. As I was talking over my difficulty with a friend, he suddenly said: 'Why not walk to Paris, and *paint* your way? You have time enough before November.'

The idea struck me as not a bad one, and I determined without delay to make the attempt. I bought a donkey, to carry my small stock of necessities, and set out on the 15th June, accompanied for some distance by a *cortège* of artist-friends who had been taken into my confidence, and who gave me a hearty cheer at parting. I will not deny that my heart felt rather low, when I found myself all alone at the beginning of so long a journey, trudging along the dusty road beside my dull companion, who almost from the first betrayed unmistakable symptoms of obstinacy and ill-temper. However, I felt that the die was cast, and anything was better than to face the laughter that would have greeted my return, if I had been faint-hearted enough to abandon my design. My first halt was at a wayside inn about twenty miles from Rome, much frequented by artists, and where I was myself an old acquaintance. I ordered

dinner, and, while discussing it, chatted with the daughter of the house, a beautiful girl, and by no means ignorant of her own charms. At last, when my meal was finished, I said to her: 'Now, my dear, I have had a very good dinner, but I have no money to pay for it.'

I had money to the value of thirty francs, but I was determined that nothing short of the direst necessity should make me break in upon this small capital.

The girl laughed. 'Ah, Signor N—, we have known you too long to be alarmed that way.'

I assured her it was true, adding: 'But I will paint your portrait instead, if you like.'

'Do you mean it?' she said.

'Of course I do,' I replied; 'I have no other way to pay you.'

She ran off in great delight, and came back with her father and mother; and it was finally arranged that I was to paint the whole family, and to have board and lodging during the progress of the work. Now, it happened that when I made this bold contract, I had never even attempted to take a portrait in my life, nor did I know whether I had that natural gift for 'catching a likeness,' without which no amount of practice or study will make a portrait-painter. I had devoted myself almost exclusively to landscape, without studying figures more than was necessary to complete my pictures.

However, I was 'in for it,' and as the young lady was the most important, and likely to be the most critical subject, I put her off till the last, that I might have the advantage of the *experimentum in corpore vili* while drawing her parents. The father had a most magnificent waistcoat, and I devoted my principal attention to that, and succeeded so well, as to excite the envy and admiration of all the neighbours. I found that I could hit off a likeness pretty well; and by the time I came to the daughter, I had grown tolerably confident, and, inspired no doubt a little by her great beauty, I turned out, on the whole, a very good family group. I had no time to lose, and I worked very hard, for though I was spending nothing while there, yet I was gaining nothing either as regarded my journey or in actual money. I was obliged, however, frequently to follow the same plan, for I found that landscapes, of which I had several with me, had no attraction whatever for the rustic mind; while, on the other hand, I never met with an instance where the temptation of a portrait was not irresistible. Sometimes I fell in with some one in rather better circumstances, and got an addition to my funds, and I never was reduced to trench upon them. At length, in Switzerland, I came to a very poor small village where I had to stop for the night, and, as usual, asked the host at the little inn if there were any persons in the village who cared for pictures. He said no; they were all too poor: the priest had been trying for years to raise money to get an altar-piece for the church, but he never could do it. While we were talking, the priest himself came in, and I entered on the subject with him. He shook his head, and said that all he had been able to get together in some years amounted to not more than fifty francs, and there was no hope for him. I had a small 'Holy Family,' by Angelica Kauffman, with me; and I proposed to make him a large copy for the altar, on the understanding that he was to pay all expenses,

and keep me at the parsonage, and give me the fifty francs, and whatever more he could collect on the occasion of the first exhibition of the picture. He was delighted with the arrangement; and bestirred himself so effectually on my behalf, that his fifty francs were doubled at last; and he gave me, besides, a letter of introduction to a friend of his in a much larger place, who was able to afford more than three times as much for a similar picture. I reproduced that 'Holy Family' five or six times in the course of my journey, and I daresay my route might be traced by those altar-pieces now.

At the commencement of the account of my journey, I mentioned that my donkey shewed signs of ill temper and obstinacy; in fact, I never met with such an embodiment of everything perverse and self-willed as that brute was; but his reformation was effected in a singular manner. After having exhausted every ordinary device of self-will and contumacy, he would often lie down, and try to roll over his load, which, though light, was rather bulky, consisting of my small wardrobe, paints, &c., and a few pictures of small size, carefully packed. On one occasion, as we were travelling through Switzerland, we happened to be on a very narrow road, cut out of the face of a precipice, when this fancy seized him. On other occasions he had been prevented from doing much damage by the load projecting at each side, so that he could not roll over and crush it; but in this instance he managed to grind it against the wall of rock on the upper side, and a grand crash announced the success of his manœuvre. My patience fairly gave way, and in the bitterness of my heart I seized him by the head as he rose, saying: 'I will not kill you, but if you kill yourself, it will serve you right.' I took his load off, and after blindfolding him with a red pocket-handkerchief, I gave him a kick, and dismissed him. It was a cruel act, and one I cannot justify. The animal was confused, of course, and after blundering on a few paces, struck his head violently against a projecting piece of rock. He started back, and in doing so, his hind-legs slipped over the edge of the precipice. For a moment his fate seemed certain; but with a desperate effort he recovered his footing, and stood in an agony of terror, trembling from head to foot, and the sweat pouring from every limb. I was by this time ashamed of my own temper, and I took off the blind, and replaced his load, after ascertaining the amount of the damage, which was not so great as I had feared. From that time, his character was totally changed; he was thoroughly docile and obedient; or, if at any time he shewed a trace of his old self-will, it was only necessary to produce the red handkerchief, and he surrendered at discretion. Before our journey was over, a degree of attachment had grown up between us, and we parted, I believe, with regret on both sides at last.

It is unnecessary to give further details of my journey to Paris. With a sufficiency of variety to keep up the interest to myself at the time, there was yet a general similarity in my adventures that would render the account wearisome to the reader; suffice it to say that after four months of as thorough enjoyment as I ever experienced, I found myself in Paris at the appointed time, with no less a sum than two thousand francs in my purse.

My first step, on arriving at my journey's end, was of course to call upon my young patron, who received me with great warmth, and told me that he had already looked out a studio for me in the most fashionable part of the town. On going to the address he gave me, I found indeed a very handsome, I might say magnificent, suite of apartments, splendidly furnished; but what was my dismay to learn that the rent was more than three thousand francs a year! I could not bring myself to speculate so largely on an unknown future, though it probably would have been my wisest course, as the world is always most ready to help those who seem least to need its assistance. At all events, I soon found that one indispensable condition of patronage is, that you must be prepared to submit in every respect to the judgment, and even the caprices of your patron. The young marquis no sooner found that I was disposed to follow my own opinion rather than his in the matter of the studio, than his zeal in my cause seemed instantly to cool. I called on him repeatedly; but somehow or other he was never to be found at home. At last, one day calling so early that I thought I was certain to catch him, I heard him say to the servant: 'Tell the fellow that I am out.' I saw now that this hope was gone, and that I must sink or swim as I could, by my own unassisted efforts; and I very quickly found that the former was much the easier for an artist without friends or introduction in a large city like Paris.

I took a modest studio, and painted a few landscapes in oils, living of course all the time out of the balance of my small capital. But though I could paint, I could not sell, for it is very rare indeed to find a man with taste and confidence enough in his own judgment to buy even a first-rate painting, if he has never before heard of the name of the artist. Before I had succeeded in disposing of a single picture, I found myself almost at the end of my money, my stock of paints and canvas exhausted, and the grim spectre of actual starvation beginning to assume a formidable appearance of reality. I dared not spend my last funds in replacing my stock of materials, and I determined to try my hand on water-colours, as being both cheaper and quicker in execution. I accordingly laid out almost my last franc in setting myself up in this line, but I was obliged to give up even the small studio I had hitherto rented, and to take a very poor room in a by-street near the river-side. My first attempts at water-colours were but poor daubs, for they were, in fact, my very first. I had had no instruction whatever in this art, and was obliged to bring my knowledge of oils to bear as well as I could. However, I could execute them quickly; and after several unsuccessful attempts to dispose of them, I found at last a small shop on the quays, chiefly frequented by sailors, where they consented, after much haggling, to give me a franc a piece for my drawings! I was very unwilling, as may be supposed, to dispose of even my worst productions for so miserable a sum, for those, be it remembered, were days before photographs and chromo-lithographs had so multiplied the artist's productions as to deprive their author of bread; but there was no help for it; I must submit or starve.

I improved rapidly, however; and as I always took care to let the woman at the shop have

only the worst, I gradually accumulated about a dozen of really good drawings, and determined to make an effort for liberty. Accordingly, one Saturday I took these drawings with me, and called at the shop, and directing her attention to their superior execution, demanded two francs each instead of one. She scornfully rejected the proposal; and, after some altercation, ordered me to take my daubs to some other market, and trouble her no more. I should have mentioned that it was evening when I called; for though I had done my best to keep up a decent appearance, yet time had made such inroads on my dress, as to make a dim light much preferable to a strong one. My boots especially were so bad, that though the upper leathers were tolerable, my bare feet actually touched the ground through the soles. In my indignation at the woman's stinginess, I had forgotten that I had had no dinner that day, and that I had not a single farthing in my possession. The next day was Sunday, when, though the larger and more fashionable shops were open, the smaller, especially near the river, were closed; at least such was the custom then. I went to bed supperless, and after a restless night, in which I dreamed of every luxury enumerated in the Barmecide's feast, I awoke faint and desperate. I determined to humble my pride, and swallow the insults of my former customer; but, alas! when I arrived at the shop, it was shut up, and no knocking produced any response.

At last, in the desperate courage of hunger, I determined to present myself, seedy as I was, at one of the fashionable printshops, into whose windows I had often gazed with envy. There were two nearly opposite each other at that time, in the Rue de —. I entered one with a quaking heart, and, addressing a buxom Madame behind the counter, asked if she wanted any water-colour drawings.

'No,' she replied; 'they are a mere drug; we are overrun with them.'

'Well,' I replied, 'I must try M. R——,' naming the owner of the shop over the way. I had heard that there was a strong rivalry between the two, and made the shot at random, but it took effect.

'You need not be in such a desperate hurry,' she said; 'let us see if they are worth anything.' She glanced over them with a studied carelessness, and then said: 'I could not afford to give you more than six or seven francs apiece for them.'

Faint and exhausted as I was, I felt for the moment as if I should drop on the floor, but recovering my presence of mind, I said: 'I could not sell them under ten.'

She scoffed at this; but after a little bargaining, and a judicious introduction of M. R—— again, she consented to give me the ten francs apiece, on condition that I should promise to give her the refusal of all I should do in future. Hungry as I was, my 'poor feet' claimed my first thought, and I went off and treated myself to a good pair of boots, and then to a restaurant, where I stinted myself in no luxury that the house afforded, feeling for the moment as if one hundred and twenty francs were a sum that could never be exhausted. I had now, indeed, not much cause to fear for the future; I had at last got my foot on the first round of the ladder, and I did not doubt that I should be able, before long, to mount higher by my own efforts. My new customer, like most dealers, was

very well inclined to keep me in the background as long as she could; but the drawings were really good, and before long the artist began to be inquired for. I kept to the water-colours, which had been my friend in need; and not long after, was installed as teacher of drawing in the household of the Marquis de C—, a nobleman attached to the court, after which I had no longer any lack of either friends or money. Since then, I have received as much as one hundred and twenty pounds for a single water-colour drawing from an English statesman, now deceased, who was never slow to assist true art in whatever form it came before him; but I cannot yet look back without a shudder at the awful 'Slough of Despond' through which I had to pass before I found my feet on firm ground.

[The hero of the above story was a true artist, and bade fair to attain a very high rank in his profession, when he was cut off after a few days' illness, leaving many to regret a genial friend, and an ardent lover and faithful copyist of nature.]

THE ACCLIMATISATION OF THE YAK.

It is most natural that man, in his cosmopolitan migrations, should desire to transplant to his new country the animals and vegetable productions of his native land. By the beneficent arrangements of Providence, this is possible to a far greater extent than we have yet realised. We are surrounded by the acclimatised animals and plants of distant regions; and as it is by what Mr Darwin terms natural selection, that the earth has been furnished with all varieties of animals and plants, we are but imitating nature when, by science, we effect modifications of animal and vegetable life. Nature has not given us wheat, for nowhere is this precious cereal found growing wild: a species of grass has been modified into wheat. The Durham ox, the South-down sheep, the English racehorse, are examples of what man can do in modifying living organisms. By climate, by soil, by cultivation, by the exercise or non-employment of certain organs, we have the power, within certain limits, of modifying and transposing all animals and vegetables, so that they shall accommodate themselves to our interest or our pleasure. If it were not so, the emigrant might vainly sigh for the animals, the shrubs, the trees, the flowers, and the singing-birds of his fatherland.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, we are met by the astonishing fact, that of the hundred and forty species of animals known to man, he has domesticated only forty-seven. 'And of these forty-seven species,' says M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, 'fifteen are wanting in France, thirteen in Europe. In the middle of the nineteenth century, and surrounded by the marvels daily springing up in mechanics, physics, and chemistry, we have come to this—that the poor still want meat, and that the richest can only vary their meals by varying the preparation of always the same meats; among the large animals, the flesh of the ox, the sheep, and the pig, the milk of the cow and the goat. This is all! Almost in everything else progress so rapid that what was yesterday new, seems separated from us by ages; but in this fundamental matter of which we treat, progress so slow, or rather such non-progression, that, in regard to the number of our butcher-meat species, we are where were the Romans, the Greeks, the ancient

Egyptians, and, to sum everything, where the Chinese themselves long have been.'

From this singular apathy in regard to adding to the meagre fare with which we have been so long satisfied, we have at last been roused; and to this century belongs the distinction of having introduced into Europe several plants and animals which may justly be deemed valuable additions to our means of alimentation.

We do not at present mean to describe the success of the Imperial Society of Acclimatisation in introducing into France animals so valuable as the Angora goat, and the Dziggetai (*Equus hemionus*), or wild ass of the Book of Job, which is expected ere long to take its place among our light beasts of burden, and to be useful for the saddle; we wish rather to make our readers acquainted with the introduction into Europe of the ox of Tibet, or yak, scientifically termed *Bos grunniens*, because, instead of lowing, it emits a grunt scarcely audible. It is further remarkable as possessing a tail like a horse. This tail, under the name of *chowrie*, is largely exported to India, for the purpose of driving away insects, or as ornaments of horses and elephants. In size, this ox resembles that of Brittany, but is shorter and stouter. The bulls are of several colours, but generally black or white, and so hairy that the fleece falls as far as the knee, and sometimes trails on the ground. Add to this a broad hump, and frequently curved horns, pointing forwards, and you have the portrait of an animal which at once arrested attention when we fell in with it in the garden of the Acclimatisation Society at Paris.

In proof of its fitness to become an inhabitant of Northern Europe, we may mention that Tibet forms the highest table-land in Asia, and that its southern and western frontiers consist of mountain-chains, the peaks of some of which are the loftiest in the known world. The climate is frightfully severe, so that the pasture is extremely bad. And yet this is the *habitat* of an animal the domestication of which in Europe will be a really valuable accession to the much too restricted number of our domestic animals.

The heat of the greater part of France is more than is agreeable to the animal; and at Paris it pants and appears uneasy when the temperature is only moderately high. As it has been found to thrive best on the most mountainous regions of that country, this circumstance justifies the belief that this most useful animal would find itself at home in many parts of Germany, of Norway, and of Great Britain and Ireland.

So long ago as the year 1800, Sonnini, in his additions to the celebrated *Natural History* of Buffon, recalled the wish of the zoologist Pallas, that travellers would add to the scanty information then possessed in regard to the yak, and expressed the opinion that this 'buffalo with a horse's tail' could be easily introduced into France. Though a specimen of this ruminant formed part of Lord Derby's magnificent menagerie at Knowsley, our real knowledge of the valuable qualities of the yak, and of its suitability to a northern climate, may be said to date so recently as the year 1854, when twelve yaks were lodged in the menagerie of the Museum of Natural History, Paris, through the zealous labours of M. de Montigny, French consul at Shang-hai, who himself accompanied the animals on their long voyage, taking with him

four Chinese to watch over their welfare. The arrival of the little herd excited much attention; and for months the enclosure in which they were located was surrounded by eager visitors. Rosa Bonheur hastened to make sketches of the animals, and soon completed the portrait of a bull, equally remarkable for zoological accuracy and artistic excellence. Men of science reported on the fitness of the yak to be used as a beast of burden, on the nature of its milk, and on the qualities of its hair. Aware of their special adaptation to a mountainous region, the authorities at the Museum wisely resolved to test the question of their acclimatisation by dispersing them among the hillocks of Vosges, the heights of Cevennes, and those of the Alps and the Pyrenees.

The progress of the experiment is recorded in M. Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire's work on the *Acclimatisation and Domestication of Useful Animals*, and in the *Bulletins of the Imperial Society of Acclimatisation*. Availing ourselves of so much of the information thus supplied as seems likely to interest our readers, we shall endeavour to expound the reasons which should induce our landed proprietors to transport the yak to the Highlands of Scotland, as well as to the hilly ranges of England, Wales, and Ireland.

Its goat-like hair is available as a textile material, that, in Tibet, is manufactured into a very thick strong cloth, which, judging from specimens brought by M. de Montigny, appears to possess many advantages as clothing for our peasantry. Below its long hair, the animal is, in its inclement native country, provided with a downy fur, which is woven into yak *cachemire*; but this protection against severity of climate not being required under the milder sky of France, soon disappears, so that only traces of it are now to be seen. We must not omit to notice that the tanned hide is found to make excellent leather.

The yak is of a quiet, docile disposition, and easily submits to be yoked or saddled. The bull, however, in one instance, in which his temper was irritated by harshness, became so fierce as to be dangerous. For this fault, 'Pluto' was on the point of being slaughtered; but the well-known agriculturist, M. Richard (du Cantal), taking him into his own care, the animal became as tame as possible, following him into the farm-house, and working steadily. Finally, he was with ease conducted to Paris. From this instance, M. Richard very properly insists on the need of gentleness in managing the yak, especially when it is being broken to the yoke. As to food, the animal is in all respects to be treated as an ox. It has been found that a cross between the yak bull and a common French cow produces a hybrid, with shorter hair, and a tail like a cow's, and greatly esteemed as an animal for the farm. M. Davin reports to the Acclimatisation Society that he saw such crosses yoked to an empty wagon, and obeying the voice of the driver, precisely like well-trained horses. This wagon, weighing one thousand kilogrammes, being loaded with two thousand kilogrammes, was easily driven over a wet, cut-up road, the animals readily stopping and going on at the word of the driver. One of them was saddled and bridled, and walked and trotted just like a horse. It is thus demonstrated that France has acquired a new agricultural animal, and also a cross equally adapted to farm-labour.

No attempt having been made to introduce this animal into this country, we commend this statement of M. Richard to the consideration of individual proprietors, and of our great agricultural societies.

'Among our domesticated animals, I do not know of one more suitable than the yak to inaccessible mountainous countries destitute of roads, and whose vegetable production is little favoured either by the rigorous climate of high altitudes, or by backward agriculture, or by circumstances opposed to the rearing of animals. The yak can, in my opinion, be reared at elevations where no other beast of burden can be profitably multiplied, and this for the saddle, or the plough, or a load.'

We sum up its good qualities by stating that the yak is remarkably fitted for a country with hills and rough roads, in consequence of its singular sureness of foot. In fact, this cow with a horse's tail is in this respect the rival of the mule.

Its qualities as an animal for the dairy are considerable, its milk being rich in albumen and caseine. Here is the report of Madame Decker, living at a mountain-farm in Vosges: 'During twelve days, the animal has been regularly milked, giving the first ten days three litres (nearly five pints). After several trials, I have observed that 9 litres milk (2 gallons nearly) produce 700 grammes butter (25 oz. nearly), and 1 mil. 500 cheese (3 lbs. nearly). The milk is thick, the cream firm, and is turned into butter in fifteen minutes. There is little whey in the cheese, which immediately assumes a good consistence.'

The specimens of yak butter and cheese which accompanied this letter were pronounced excellent; but M. Hébert having remarked that the butter was hard, and not easy to spread, Madame Decker transmitted to him butter made of equal parts milk of the yak and the cow. Thirteen and a half pints of this mixture yielded more than 23 oz. butter, which was soft, and easy to spread. The important statement was added that the yak continued to be regularly milked, yielding daily four pints, estimated to produce more than double the quantity of butter yielded by the milk of the common cow.

A heifer yak, born in France, having become blind, the Council of the Acclimatisation Society resolved that it should be fattened for the table; the President, and MM. Quatrefages, Jaquemart, Ruffy de Lavison, and Hébert being appointed a committee of taste to report on the fitness of yak flesh to satisfy the requirements of the *cuisine*. Two quarters were dressed in various ways, stewed with vegetables, roasted in the oven and on the spit, cooked in its own juice and in wine. M. Quatrefages thus expresses his opinion of the novel viand: 'It is redder than veal, the fibre is equally delicate; it has a peculiar and very good flavour, something like mountain veal, but with a something *sui generis*; the juiciness is perfect. In short, we concluded that steaks and filets of yak should be better than the same parts of an ox. I do not think that the rarity of the repast which you enabled us to taste had the slightest influence upon our verdict. I am therefore convinced that the day will come when epicures will thank the Society for having acclimatised this new ox, which I shall not the less regard as the future ox of the poor.'

M. Quatrefages thinks that the question of yak acclimatisation is settled, and that it now only

remains to multiply the animal. In answer to certain agriculturists who insist that, according to the principle of the division of labour, one animal cannot serve two purposes, and who, therefore, cannot believe in the usefulness of an animal which is at once ox, horse, and sheep, he observes: 'To these doubters we reply: Yes, alongside of your perfected breeds, and on your large farms, we do not yet see a place for the yak. But these breeds have not always existed; you have fashioned the horse, the ox, the sheep according to your wants. Why may it not be the same with the yak? The day may perhaps not be distant when it too shall have its breeds for milk, its breeds for wool, its breeds for the butcher. Close beside your large farms are very small properties. Perhaps the yak is destined to become the ox of the man of small means, as the ass already is the horse of the poor man. Its natural hardiness, the little food which it consumes, appear to indicate this as its part.'

If its chosen locality be the mountains, if its services be most likely to benefit the poor, its *rôle* is sufficiently ample to induce us ardently to desire that in this country it may be speedily accomplished. But if an animal, capable of supplying milk and butter, as well as clothing and shoes, make the yak an acquisition specially to be desired by small proprietors in Highland regions, the wish for a sure-footed pony may well prompt many a rich man to aid in introducing into the United Kingdom the hardy ox of Tibet.

GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST.

CHAPTER XIII.—PIERS MOSTYN BECOMES RESTIVE.

IN accordance with the perfect mutual understanding which existed between Sir Guy and his daughter, and which is said to be so great a desideratum in those relations, not another word was hinted of the former's return to town. For the sake of his child, almost as much as for any profit that might accrue to himself out of her contemplated plan, the good baronet determined to make a sacrifice of the pleasures of the London Season. He may have been, and probably was, impatient in secret, but externally he was imperturbable. He listened to Mr Ferrier's anecdotes of his early struggles after fortune with a calm despair, that the narrator took for admiring wonder, and heard with genuine interest the twice-told story of his success, for in the fruits of the latter he felt that he might have some share. He even, on one occasion, honoured with his presence the institution of family prayer; this condescension, however, was a failure, nature and art (in Sir Guy's legs and trousers) having equally incapacitated him from kneeling, while devotional monotony at once superinduced repose. The domestics trooped out of the room in suppressed hysterics, while Sir Guy with his face buried in his chair was in the land of dreams.

Whenever his daughter had had a few minutes' talk alone with their host, poor Sir Guy would cast a covert glance of inquiry towards her, to know whether all these sacrifices had met with their reward, or if he was still doomed to suffer on. But although Mr Ferrier had as fully made up his mind to propose to Gwendoline as Gwendoline had to accept him, those ideas of respectability, with which no amount of fortune will permit men to

dispense unless they have also been brought up in good society, delayed the declaration month after month. It was almost time enough—taking the conventional 'year and a day' as the correct limit—for the widower to marry again before he ventured to offer himself in marriage.

The proposal was made in characteristic terms. He did not allude to his advanced time of life, to the disparity between their respective ages, at all; but he told Gwendoline—and quite truly—that however strange it might seem, she was the only person who had ever inspired him with what he imagined to be Love. He had loved his late wife, he said, in the sense that most persons could be content to accept the word; but he had never experienced in her case those feelings of respect, admiration, and worship which were actuating him now. And yet he confessed that, even thus, he would have forborne to declare himself, did he not feel that in doing so he was endeavouring to secure for his two children the kindest and wisest guardian they could ever hope to know.

And Gwendoline's reply, though she was very careful not to wound the old man's *amour propre*, dwelt upon the children also, to whom she modestly hoped she might prove herself a nearer and dearer relative than what is commonly suggested by the term of step-mother. There was as little of protestation or appeal on the one side, as there was of coyness or hesitation on the other. The upshot of it all took none in the household by surprise, and scarcely any one in the neighbourhood.

When Sir Guy and his daughter departed for their own house, it was taken as a sign by all the county that Glen Druid would presently become more their home than ever.

There was a certain letter despatched from St Medards to Glasgow the next morning describing the matter as fully settled, and not at all as mere common report.

'MY DEAR MADAM,' it ran, 'the engagement of which I have always written to you as certain to happen between your brother and Miss Treherne has at last taken place. I am myself surprised that she did not cause him sooner to forget my poor dear mistress; though it is early days enough for him to think of wedding again, goodness knows. It seems but the other day that he sent for me, on your kind recommendation, to be her waiting-maid at Glen Druid. Well, well, it is not my good master's fault; she would hoodwink the sharpest eyes that ever *man* wore—though she never hoodwinked mine. Heaven grant it may not turn out to be his misfortune! The wicked Sir Guy took his daughter back with him yesterday—until I suppose the marriage takes place—to Bedivere Court; else they have not been there, except for a day or two at a time, for months. For my part, I call such goings-on scarcely decent, but then I am only a poor person, who, it seems, is not fit to be a judge of what is right among people of quality. That is what my husband says, and one is bound to believe one's husband.'

'In communicating this sad news, according to your request, directly I hear it, it is only right to add that all the folks at Glen Druid are agreed that Miss Treherne behaves well enough to the dear children—that is, at present. My sweet Marion was certainly very fond of her; but the fact is she comes over everybody, man, woman, and child, and, if folks was served as they deserve, would be

burned as a witch. There's Mr Alexander Blackett of the Glen, for one, is said to be ready to shoot himself because of this news; his sister, who is a very proper-minded lady, actually called at our shop for medicines for him to-day; and yet Miss Treherne can certainly never have given him much encouragement. But then a smile from her goes further with the men than' (here some words had been carefully erased in the manuscript, and the following written over them)—'than the most excellent gifts and pleasant discourse in another. Ah, madam, and that reminds me how I envy you in Glasgow, with such great opportunities of hearing the truth from persuasive preachers; we have none such in this graceless place; and I doubt whether Mr Ferrier has done much good in paying for the ministry. The last tracts came safe enough to hand, but I could not do much with them. The door here is not yet open wide enough. I blush to say that with the *Smoker's Fate* my husband lit his pipe. What good, however, might you not effect by coming down hither in person! I suppose Mr Ferrier will bid you to the wedding. I can think of nothing else than that; all my thoughts come round to it again, whithersoever they wander. When time and place are arranged, you shall hear without fail, dear madam.—Yours respectfully.

SUSAN BARLAND.'

This was not the first letter by many that Susan had written to her old patroness and fellow-countrywoman since her summary dismissal from Glen Druid. With all her faults and prejudices, Susan had an honest heart, which nourished no bitterness against her late master, and a most passionate affection for little Marion. Her mind was thoroughly made up as to the character of Miss Treherne; and not the most eloquent preacher in North Britain could have persuaded her to take a different view of it.

Miss Ferrier was not, upon the whole, displeased to learn that her brother had fallen the second time a victim to woman's wiles; it served him right for not having had his sister to live with him, who understood scheming hussies of all kinds so thoroughly, and would have protected him from their arts. The fact was, however, that Mr Ferrier and Judith had dwelt under the same roof together (though not at Glen Druid) for some years, until the latter, with her strait-laced ways and acid religion, had fairly driven him from it to Italy, and (as it happened) to Giulia. Perhaps the foreign painter's daughter had even proved more attractive to him from the complete contrast which she afforded to the honest and kind-hearted, but severe and oppressive Scotchwoman. Judith was one of those uncompromising social despots who are always causing, or, at all events, precipitating, domestic revolutions, and yet remain totally unconscious of their own folly: they lay all the fault at the door of the rebels, whom they accuse, as Charles I. did, 'of impatience of taxation;' and protest that, 'for their part, they have nothing to reproach themselves with; and if the time came round again, they should behave precisely the same'—which indeed they would probably do. It is these well-meaning but impracticable folks—with their opposites—who make one sometimes think that the devil has stolen not only 'all the best tunes,' but all the best manners, tastes, and tempers also. It was curious, but also very characteristic, in Judith Ferrier, that notwithstanding

she had received from Susan such an unflattering portrait of Gwendoline, she spent several afternoons in driving about her native town in triumph to inform her kinsfolk and acquaintance that Bruce was engaged to be married to an English baronet's daughter, who had been the belle of a London season. Perhaps, however, it was to recompense herself for the silence she had been compelled to keep with respect to his first wife, concerning whom and her antecedents she could only close her eyes and hold up her hands.

All unconscious of the interest which she was thus exciting in the great northern city, Gwendoline was sitting at home calmly receiving the congratulations of her friends. The first step of her proposed life-journey—or rather of the introduction to it—had been safely accomplished, and her future was secured. Under such circumstances, one might have supposed she would have rested carelessly on her oars a little, and drifted easily down the stream that was bearing her to fortune. But she was not at all at ease, and very far from being without care. While her friends were felicitating her upon the coming event, and even her father was complimenting her on the success her prudence had achieved, she felt by no means sure of victory. At this supreme moment, when she had written him word that her proposed plan—or, as she wrote it, 'our plan'—was already bearing fruit, the patient Piers had turned restive and dangerous.

The Honourable Piers Mostyn was neither better nor worse than many men of his class, while in appearance he offered a favourable type of it. He took the same pains in his personal adornment and effect as any of them, and he had excellent native material to work upon. He was really a very handsome, if somewhat effeminate-looking young gentleman, to begin with, and he was always faultlessly attired. What he would have looked like in corduroys and a bad hat—what would have become of all that *distinguishé* and aristocratic appearance *then*—can never be known. He never wore corduroys nor a bad hat. He had a very engaging smile, though it was only fascinating, and not genial; an insinuating address, and a musical voice devoid of drawl. But, except in attire and manners, he owed nothing to 'the long result of time;' the centuries behind him 'like a fruitful land reposed,' but they had borne no fruit, save in the above particulars, for *him*. He had no knowledge, no tastes (to be called such), no acquirement whatever, beyond the French language, which he spoke easily, and with a good accent. What his feelings might have been under more favourable circumstances, can never be known; all his moral machinery had been 'brutalised' very early, and was now hopelessly out of gear. Although but the younger son of a poor peer, he had breathed the incense of flattery from his cradle. He had been toadied at Eton by boys whose fathers had sent them thither with that especial purpose; he had been sighed for (and had not denied them) by scores of young women of the middle class. The radicals, who pretend that an hereditary aristocracy is no better than any other section of the community, are in this the unconscious flatterers of the very class they would decry; for if those born with 'handles to their names' contrive, held aloft from the first by social sycophants, and exempt from the rubs of the world, to grow up to manhood as no *worse* than their fellow-creatures, that

itself were a considerable feat, and would argue much in favour of the hereditary principle.

The Honourable Piers Mostyn had not been hitherto fortunate in making pecuniary profit out of his prefix; he had moved in somewhat too elevated circles; but he had a well-founded idea that he had only to shew himself (with his card pinned to him) on the next plateau of society, to secure a wife with a suitable dowry. At present, he had only received his share of 'that gigantic system of out-door relief for the aristocracy, the Diplomatic Service, and the income thence derived had been wholly insufficient for his needs. These last were on a scale commensurate with his hereditary position. His passion for gambling was intense, but he now had, unfortunately, not even a stake to risk; he had spent his patrimony of five thousand pounds in that pursuit, and already owed as much again for his necessary expenses. For the Honourable Piers Mostyn could not be maintained (nor did his country expect it) at the usual charges of an untitled gentleman; he was a fancy article, and was well aware, if the worst came to the worst, that he could fetch—in the matrimonial market—a fancy price. In the meantime, he was madly in love. Of course we do not use that term in the vulgar sense; it was not that sort of sentiment that takes up the harp of life, and 'smites the chord of self, which, trembling, fades in music out of sight.' Far from it. A more thoroughly selfish being than Piers Mostyn had become at two-and-twenty could scarcely be found, even among his own frivolous and pampered class. Nor was his passion of that sort which monopolises its possessor, to the exclusion of other female objects of devotion. Among his eastern friends in Persia, it was the custom to marry a score or two of ladies, and yet reserve one as the queen of the harem; and our youthful diplomatist emulated their example, as far as the more stolid institutions of his native land permitted. Gwendoline Treherne was his queen of the harem, and he adored her above all the rest. Her love for him was not only grateful to him as a lover; it flattered his vanity in a very high degree; for it was quite on the cards that Gwendoline might have been a duchess, had she directed her marvellous energy and unrivalled charms to the attainment of that end. A marriage with her, even now, would have invested him (for a fortnight or so) with considerable interest; the world (*his* world) would have talked about it unceasingly, until some other occurrence of an equally enthralling character turned up; but then, unfortunately, one cannot live on *éclat*.

Marriage with Gwendoline had been always impossible, but flirtation with her had been by no means less pleasant upon that account; quite the reverse; there had been even a *souppçon* of impropriety about it; it had been almost like making love to somebody else's wife. And now that she was absolutely engaged to be married, her fascination for him was greatly increased. The case of the man who adored pork, and wished he was a Jew, in order that he might have the additional pleasure of sinning while he ate it, is not altogether an exceptional one. When one has no other pursuit than pleasure, innocent delights soon begin to pall; when the appetite is jaded, one takes to sauces *à la tartare*—to sherry and bitters. Vice, of course, is pleasant to everybody; but when it comes to be pleasant because

it is vice, matters become serious, and require the attention of the clergy. At present, however, the Honourable Piers Mostyn had scarcely reached this point, and we are perhaps doing his training an injustice in attributing such a fruit to it so early. With all his heart—with all the dregs of what he had left in him in the way of sentiment—he really did love Gwendoline Treherne. If it had been possible for him to have made any sacrifice whatever for the sake of another person (which it was not), he would have done it for her. He had not seen her for a whole twelvemonth, and he was now resolved to do so. He had suffered enough (he wrote) during that enforced estrangement, and he must hear the music of her voice once more, and feel the soft clasp of her hand. What possible harm could there be in that, even in the eyes of Mr Ferrier? He had been very good and obedient to her hitherto: this one interview was a very small reward for his patient submission to her will, and he would have it.

Gwendoline was equally resolved that he should not have it. Her will was vastly stronger than his; but, on the other hand, his easy disposition would now and then, she knew, indulge itself in an outbreak of wilful obstinacy, with which it was very difficult to deal. Who has not experienced the sudden whims of a weak nature, and seen the ruin they have wrought in the plans of a stronger? And Gwendoline's plan was now threatened with such a catastrophe. She could not make Piers understand Mr Ferrier's nature—and indeed it had cost her months of assiduous study to learn it herself—nor dispossess him of the idea that his attentions to her would be considered by that respectable personage in the light of a compliment to himself. The old merchant was phlegmatic—not quick of observation, and conventional, as we have seen, in his views of society; but his respect for rank would never have induced him to forget his respect for himself. His ideas of right were fixed and absolute: he was not a man to be trifled with by anybody, and least of all, she felt, by a professional trifler like Piers Mostyn; for she was not less qualified to judge of Piers because his interests and her own were one. It was by no means unlikely, in short, that the latter's appearance at Bedivere Court might be the destruction of that social edifice of which she had with such infinite pains just laid the foundation, and she determined by all means to avoid an interview with him. At the same time, she could scarcely feel angry with her lover for conduct which, after all, was suggested by the love he professed, and which she herself reciprocated seven-fold.

'I forbid you to come to Cornwall,' wrote she with earnest vehemence; 'and if you come, I will not see you.'

'I must come, however, and shall at all events see you,' was the infatuated young gentleman's reply.

CHAPTER XIV.—A PUBLIC CEREMONY.

It had not been Gwendoline's habit to mingle much with the society about Bedivere Court. She had not had many opportunities of doing so, for Sir Guy detested country amusements and (so-called) gaieties, and of course she could not partake of them without his escort; moreover, there had been hitherto nothing to be got by them. But

now that she was engaged to be married to a gentleman of the county, matters were very different. It was absolutely necessary that she should make herself popular in the neighbourhood of her future home, not merely for the sake of being well received as Mrs Ferrier of Glen Druid, but for ulterior reasons of a much more important kind. In the scheme of life that she had planned out for herself, the good opinion of the world, and especially that of her neighbours, must by all means be secured, and as large a fund of it laid up as possible; so that when the time came, she might be able to draw upon it for charitable excuses and a liberal construction of her own conduct. Sooner or later, she would have to present the cheques, and it was well to make arrangements as early as possible for getting them honoured. She never shut her eyes to the difficulties of her position, however far away they might lie, but did her very best from the first to smooth the way beforehand. It was pitiable indeed that so astute and prudent a general should be liable to disgrace and defeat, through the ignorant impetuosity of such an ally as Piers Mostyn.

However, notwithstanding his rebellious rejoinder to her last letter, she thought, upon the whole, he would not venture to force upon her that foolish 'just one' interview, which she felt might not alone be dangerous in its consequences, but would shake her own resolve to its foundation. She was too proud and too wise to tell him *that*; but the fact was she could not trust herself to see him while it was yet possible to become his wife. It was hard enough to have to feign respectful affection for Mr Ferrier, to have to receive with smiles the congratulations of his friends, to have to enter with apparent interest and pleasure into plans for a future that she looked upon with contemptuous aversion—it was hard and bitter enough to have to do all this in presence of the recollection of the man she loved with such intensity of passion; but to see him again face to face, to speak with him, to press his hand, and perchance his lips, and then to turn away with a smothered sigh, and the full consciousness of the contrast, to become the wife of Mr Bruce Ferrier until death should them part, was an ordeal from which she shrank with shuddering. Had the case of herself and Piers been reversed, she would not perhaps have hesitated to place him in the same position; but then Gwendoline was a woman, and would have done so to triumph over her coming rival, whereas Piers Mostyn's design had only his own selfish wilfulness to excuse it.

Sir Guy and Miss Treherne, then, were now become much more sociable than their neighbours had hitherto found them to be, and the fact that they were so gave quite an impetus to the county hospitalities. Mr Ferrier was of course an invited guest on all these occasions, and it was more than once remarked what an earnest anxious glance his beautiful bride-elect would throw round her as she entered such scenes of gaiety, as if to see if her future lord was there. The observers were correct enough in their data, though not in their conclusions. Gwendoline never joined a picnic, nor an archery party, without casting one hurried, anxious gaze about her, to make sure that Piers Mostyn had not carried out his threat, and sought her presence there. She had made up her mind what to do even in such a case: she would

have taken his hand, and welcomed him as an old friend, and as such introduced him to Mr Ferrier. But could she rely upon herself to execute her own intentions? In her secret heart, she did not think she could; and hence it was that to keen spectators (such as happily 'the county' did not afford) her face would seem to have worn not only anxiety on such occasions, but positive terror.

It was arranged that her marriage should take place in London; and as the autumn waned, the county gaieties, though of course they now mostly took an indoor shape, increased, until they became an almost unbroken round of farewell festivities, which it was well understood—without the least reflection on Cornish hospitality—would be returned with interest when the bride and bridegroom came to reside at home. There was still one outdoor *fête*, notwithstanding the inclement season, in connection with the great Glendallack copper-mines. The board of directors were mostly gentlemen of the county; and the completion of a tramway from the surface to nearly a mile under the sea had been the excuse for a great dinner and ball at the mansion of one of the largest shareholders. The ceremony itself was not without local interest, and attracted a vast number of spectators from St Medards and other places, for hitherto the mine had been worked only by the usual method of levels and ladders; and the introduction of a wheeled carriage into its subterranean depths was an event in its history. It was understood that some of the ladies of the neighbourhood, including Miss Treherne, would condescend to use this novel conveyance; but when they came to look at the vehicle in question, and the road which it had to travel, the determination of most of them gave way. Imagine a tramway descending across the face of a bleak cliff at an angle of forty-five degrees; for a hundred yards or so, the sheer crag was on one side, and on the other—with no sort of wall or guard—the winter sea; beyond that was what looked like a small black hole, through which the vehicle disappeared, to finish the rest of its journey in pitch darkness beneath the cliff and the ocean. A princess, as courageous as charming, has achieved the adventure of late years, but at that time no member of the female sex had ever visited the dark depths of Glendallack; nor was it to be wondered at that they shrank upon this occasion from the steep unprotected way and the black portal.

The car, as it was euphuistically called, was by no means an attractive equipage. It was a small carriage, or rather truck, of solid iron, which would hold with comfort—if such a term be not totally out of place—six persons, two and two, sitting very close behind each other. It was let down and pulled up by means of a stationary engine working an endless chain. Most of the fair visitors had of course expected to find a first-class saloon railway carriage, and a level road agreeably lighted up for their convenience; and it did not tend to promote their confidence when they were informed that the car fitted almost as closely into the tunnel before them as a bullet in a gun, so that they must not move hand or foot while passing through it. Lastly, it was necessary to put over their fine clothes certain garments, very considerably made for the occasion, but still neither elegant nor becoming. As for the gentlemen,

they were provided with regular miner's attire. Under the circumstances, out of the dozen fine ladies who had come to Glendallack with the expressed intention of going down in the car, and who saw the preparations made for their descent in presence of an admiring throng, ten unhesitatingly declined to make the venture. They were very sorry, they said, to disappoint the public, but the public would survive it, whereas they felt confident they themselves never should. When pressed, they took a still more dignified attitude, and refused upon the ground of religious principle. It was all very well for persons whose business lay in such places to go down there twice a day after tin and copper (or 'whatever it was'), but in their own case, they felt it would be 'tempting Providence.' In vain it was urged that it was a wrong view to take of that beneficent power to suppose that it is always ready to do us an ill turn when it catches us at a disadvantage; they had no wish to argue the matter, they replied, but they would stay above ground, and out of harm's way.

Gwendoline alone, and Miss Blackett, expressed their intention of carrying out the programme; an announcement that was received with enthusiasm by the public at large, and with solemn head-shakes and doleful warnings by their recusant sisters. It was a most dangerous and foolhardy adventure; and if Mr Ferrier had been there (which on this particular occasion he did not happen to be, but was closeted with his lawyer at Glen Druid), they were sure he would never have permitted Miss Treherne to undertake it. As for Miss Blackett, 'she was old enough to know better;' or indeed, some did not hesitate to whisper that the idea of getting a beau all to herself, on whom she could lean and confide throughout the journey, was so attractive a bait to that excellent but somewhat ancient maiden lady, that it had overcome her fears. We do not venture to say whether this was or was not the reason. She averred that she went solely to take care of her brother, who was infatuated with Miss Treherne, and had foolishly constituted himself her escort. But in the case of Gwendoline, the possible danger of the trip was itself the chief attraction: she welcomed any excitement, because it prevented her from dwelling upon her own thoughts, and the more strange and stirring it was, the better it pleased her.

It was amid great cheering that the two ladies, having retired into the manager's house to put on their dress, reappeared upon the platform *en costume*, and were presently followed by the similarly metamorphosed gentlemen. With respect to Gwendoline, whatever she put on anew seemed to become her best. She looked as though that tight-fitting flannel gown and solid wide-awake had been donned expressly to enhance her charms, and a buzz of involuntary admiration greeted her as she stepped with a quiet smile whither the car was standing ready for departure. If her companion's personal appearance had not similarly improved, it, at all events, had not suffered much damage. But that of the male adventurers was sorely deteriorated. The expression 'Nature's gentlemen' has probably no reference to costume; otherwise, we must deny its application, even to the most noble-looking of mortals, when rigged out in a suit of coarse white sailcloth, and surmounted by a solid round hat, with a tallow-candle stuck in the brim.

The company who were to make the first trip consisted of six persons, arranged in the following order: in the first seat, Miss Blackett and a Mr Kerr of St Medards were to place themselves; in the second, Miss Treherne and Mr Blackett; and behind were the brakesman and a guide for the underground passages. There was no room for any one else; but the narrow stone steps that ran by the side of the tramway into the mine, and which had hitherto formed the only mode of ingress and egress, were crowded all along, down to the very mouth of the tunnel, with workmen. Poor Mr Blackett, who, compared with his energetic sister, might have been almost said to be the less masculine of the two, nervous, dyspeptic, and quite unaccustomed to publicity, exhibited at this supreme moment, just as the car was about to move, a truly pitiable spectacle. He was devoted, in his feeble sentimental way, to Gwendoline (who was aware of his existence, and that was all), and in an evil moment of chivalrous enthusiasm, he had volunteered to be her escort down Glendallack; but he now bitterly repented himself of that hazardous undertaking. He shuddered, not so much from the nipping and eager air which the wintry sunshine could not warm, as with the terrors of the prospect before him. The steepness of the incline; the roaring and dashing of the sea immediately beneath him, and into which it seemed as likely they would slide off as not; the small black hole into which they had presently to enter, and that looked scarcely large enough to accommodate the car even without its inmates; and the unimaginable terrors of the mine itself, appalled him. As he sat staring blankly before him, with two tallow-candles stuck in his hard round hat, he looked like some badly executed patron saint in wax, to whom a poor but pious neighbourhood had devoted their dips without conciliating him. At the very last moment, he suddenly jumped up, and made an effort to get out of the car. He had already adjured Gwendoline not to persist in going down the mine, and protested, with all the eloquence which truth inspires, that for her sake he would give up the adventure without a pang of regret; and she had quietly announced her intention of going through with it. He had washed his hands, therefore, of all responsibility—so far as she was concerned—and had nothing to consult but his own precious personal safety. A roar of disapprobation arose when his intention was discovered: there was a moment of indecision, in which he seemed to Gwendoline (who mercifully averted her eyes) to get out and get in again, and the machine began to move slowly down the incline.

It really was a nervous moment: to the tenants of the car it seemed as if they were gliding into the sea itself; and Miss Blackett clung to Mr Kerr, as though he were her patron saint, and should be propitiated whether he would or not. But, after the first moment, Gwendoline began to enjoy it; the roaring wind, the leaping spray, the black rock in front, that seemed to yawn for those that were about to explore its secrets, seemed to string her nerves and stir her blood. For the first time in all her life she recognised what it was to be face to face with the great powers of nature; vigorous of mind and strong of will though she was, her whole existence had hitherto been artificial; her intellect had never been braced by one broad thought; she had been hemmed in by convention

from her cradle, and no yearning to escape from its dull round had ever visited her. What all her life had been, now suddenly contrasted itself in her mind with another sort of life, of which she had only read. How would it be with her now, had she always passed her days with honest simple folk, who lived mostly in the open air amid such sights and sounds as were now about her?

O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

some poet had written, and those words came back to her with a far other and deeper meaning than they had ever had before. 'Would it not have been well for *her*, if, instead of the life she was now living—outwardly so gay and pleasant, but inwardly one net of fraud and lies—a life in whose atmosphere she never seemed to draw one natural breath'—The car had already glided under the little tunnel, into warmth indeed, but total gloom, a type of the very existence which she was picturing; but ere she could continue her reflections, a hand was lightly laid on hers, and a voice which she well knew, and which thrilled every fibre of her frame with anger, and joy, and fear, whispered: 'Gwendoline!'

A NATIONAL WRONG.

THERE is nothing so difficult as to interest one's fellow-creatures with a grievance not their own. Very rich invalids, who have relatives dependent or expectant, may indeed secure an audience to listen to their 'symptoms,' and sympathise with their complaints; but in a general way, a man with the gout can expect due commiseration only from those who have the gout themselves. He may get a few conventional terms of pity; but his friends, upon the whole, are philosophic. 'One *must* have something: he has gout: he must grin and bear it.' This is excusable enough when one absolutely benefits by the misfortunes of our friends. It was hardly to be expected, for instance, that the piteous appeal of the British paper-manufacturer against the French Treaty should draw tears from those who read it in a newspaper, that was cheapened by the very fact complained of; but when this is not the case, drops of compassion should surely tremble on the eyelids, ready to fall as soon as we have told our pitiful story. Yet, somehow—no matter how hard our case—they do not. If, on the other hand, the calamity, however slight, is common to our hearers, floods of tears attest the tenderness of the human heart. Let me try to move it in an instance, and, as it were, vicariously, before touching upon my own particular grievance.

Suppose, dear Materfamilias, you have cut out a dress for your child, with your own skilful, assiduous hands; devised the pattern yourself; seamed it, and gored it, and tucked it, and even trimmed it with an edging of your own especial design. You will have no doubt, I suppose, about that being your private property. After so many hours' 'cutting and contriving,' and such diligent application of foot and eye to the sewing-machine, it would be monstrous if the result of your labours were claimed by another. You would feel pretty considerably riled, if your American cousin—an otherwise admirable young woman in her way—should suddenly lay hands on it, and say: 'That shall be for my Georgy; he will look well in it.'

Of course, you would fire up: the picture of your elaborate garment upon another woman's Georgy would excite you to frenzy. But what if your transatlantic kinswoman should quietly reply: 'I guess you'll have to give it up; for the law permits me to take it.'

Yet that is what I have got to submit to, as you will presently learn. Nay, so far from having exaggerated my wrong in the above example, I should have given a more precise parallel had I put your Georgy himself in place of his garment. What would you say if your American cousin laid hands on *him*, and carried him off, simply because he took her fancy (as well he might, sweet darling!) better than any of her own children; and suppose you had no remedy, since the same infamous law permitted *that*? It would be terrible indeed. And yet this is exactly what happens to me. My Georgy is my book, more my own than your son is yours, madam (if I may be allowed to say so), begotten by myself alone, fitted for presentation to society by the most elaborate care, and liable to be filched away from me any day by an American publisher. Of course, there are honest men among this class; there are even some who give an English author a share in the profits they derive from the sale of his works; but they are under no compulsion so to do; and the profit is necessarily small, since any other publisher in the United States may instantly pirate the production from his neighbour, and (since *he* acknowledges no author's rights, pecuniary or otherwise) undersell him.

Of course it is the United States, and not England, who is responsible for this infamy. The idea of our 'spry' cousins is, that they will not be gainers by an honest reciprocity. They can import the works of our most popular writers for nothing, and how, say they, can they hope to get them cheaper? Doubtless, when the question is next mooted in their Representative Chambers, some scoundrel will rise upon the wind of declamation, and express his opinion that 'Literature should be as free as the air we breathe.' He will endeavour to demonstrate that this is only a legitimate branch of Free Trade, and sit down, doubtless amid applause, with his tongue in one cheek and his quid in the other. You might shew him that this iniquitous system depresses American literature itself: for how can a native author (with some half-dozen exceptions) expect to get dollars for his book, when the works of English authors can be published for nothing? They do not get them, and the consequence is, you may count the authors of America, though their newspaper writers are as the sands of the sea, upon the fingers of your two hands. But what cares our spry senator for *that*? It would not disturb his complacency if his country had no literature at all: and if he could apply its lack of International Copyright to every other article under heaven, and thereby rob the whole world of all they possess, as he now robs authors of their offspring, he would do so—slick. The type of him scarcely exists in the British Parliament, but, unhappily, enough of his class have been hitherto found in that of the United States, to prevent the passing of a measure, the justice of which no honest man fails to see. Indeed, so long as America stubbornly shuts her eyes to it, her talk of Justice is but Cant, her clamour about the Rights of Civilisation, Bunkum.

On the continent (where, however, the matter

is of infinitely less importance than in America), the claims of authors have been generally conceded; and the one or two countries where no International Copyright Law still exists are perhaps exceptions, only because it was not thought worth while to press the subject on their attention. Holland, it seems, is one of them, and as interesting a case of attempted piracy as ever we read—wherein the Black Flag met with a gallant resistance too, and had to be pulled down at last—has recently occurred there. The combat took place between the *Belinfante Brothers* of the Hague, and the *Man and Wife* of London, master and owner, Mr Wilkie Collins, and is best told in the latter's own graphic words. It must be premised, then, that Belinfante Brothers were in want of the illustrations of Mr Collins's story of *Man and Wife*, for their own magazine, it being forbidden to Dutchmen to steal wood-blocks or copper-plates, but not books; and upon their applying to his publishers for the same, they were referred to Mr Collins, 'as having reserved to himself the right of authorisation of this tale for continental languages.'

They take care to remind him that they can rob him with impunity of the child of his own brains: 'no convention,' say they, 'forbids us, as Dutch publishers, to reproduce in our own language the stranger's works,' in our penny periodical. 'If you will be acquainted, however, with that publication, we offer you, with the greatest pleasure, a copy of our *Stuivers Magazyn*; and when you eventually dispose of our services in our country, we always will be glad to be in the opportunity of returning your amability.' The admirable joke of offering a penny magazine in Dutch to an English author as a compensation for stealing—or 'what the wise do call' *adapting*—his book, is eclipsed by the still more humorous circumstance that Belinfante Brothers—deceived probably by the termination of his Christian name—are under the impression that Mr Wilkie Collins is a female. With 'Madame,' they commence their communication, and it is Madame whom they assure of their 'most distinguished consideration' at its close.

Here is Madame's reply.

'GENTLEMEN—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter informing me that you are desirous of translating into the Dutch language, and of publishing in a Dutch magazine a novel of my writing, which is about to appear in England in *Cassell's Magazine*.

'Before I enter on this question, I must venture to set you right on a trifling matter of detail, as to which you are completely mistaken.

'Your letter is addressed to me as "*Madame Wilkie Collins*." I avow it with sincere regret, but the interests of truth are sacred. The trumpet of Fame, gentlemen, has played the wrong tune in your ears. I am not the charming person whom you suppose me to be. I wear trousers; I have a vote for Parliament; I possess a beard; in two dreadful words, I am—a Man.

'This little error set right, let us return to business.

'I observe with profound surprise and regret that your request for permission to publish my book in Holland, in your magazine, is not accompanied by the slightest hint of any intention on your part of paying for that privilege. All that

you offer me is a copy of the magazine. What am I to do with a copy of the magazine? I don't understand Dutch. All I can do is to look at your magazine, and mourn over my own neglected education.

'Permit me to suggest that you might acknowledge the receipt of the right to translate *Man and Wife* in a much better way than by giving me the magazine. It is quite a new idea: you might give me some money.

'Why not, gentlemen, if you publish my book? Do your translators write for nothing? Do your printers work for nothing? Do your paper-makers give you paper for nothing? Do you yourselves publish for the honour and glory of Literature, without making a single farthing by it? If all this happens to be the case, don't read another word of my letter. It is written under a totally erroneous impression, by a man who is incapable of understanding the Dutch nation.

'But if you all of you do make something by the publication of my book, then I have the honour of reminding you that I am the man who sets you all going, and that the first and foremost person to be paid in this matter is the person who puts the employment into your hands, and the remuneration into your pockets. I take up the pen—and, behold, profitable industry animates your dormant establishment! And what do I get? oh, fie! fie! a copy of the magazine!

'You may—and probably will—tell me that the profits are miserably small. Gentlemen, make your minds easy. My boundless love of justice knows no limit, either upwards or downwards. However small the profits are, let us be as cheerful as we can under the circumstances; and, in the name of justice, let us share what there is. I once extracted twenty-five pounds from some colonial publishers who had pirated a book of mine, and I have never made any money by literature which was so precious to me as that. Call the profits, if you like, a shilling a week, and give me the indescribable satisfaction of seeing, for thirty or forty weeks to come, this entry in my banker's book: By Messrs Belinfante Brothers' Sense of Justice—sixpence.

'Does this eagerness of mine to share the profits shock you? Are you amazed to find that the honour of being translated into Dutch is not enough to satisfy me? Gentlemen, I can't see the honour. The injustice done to me gets in the way and closes the prospect.

'If, therefore, you want my permission to publish *Man and Wife*, you have it on this condition—that you and I share between us the profits of the publication.

'But here a little bird whispers in my ear: "*Madame Wilkie Collins*, there is no treaty of international copyright between England and Holland. You are quite helpless, my poor dear! Messrs Belinfante Brothers can take your book, whether you like it or not, and are not bound by law to pay you a single farthing for it."

'Am I to adopt this view of the question between us? What! you cannot deny that I ought, as a matter of decent fair-dealing, to have a share in any profits realised by the publication of my own book—and yet you decline to give me what is morally my right, because a law doesn't happen to have been made which forces you to do it! Perish the thought! My boundless love of justice has

been already alluded to. It absolutely declines to admit that a firm of respectable Dutch publishers is capable of being influenced in its commercial transactions by other than strictly honourable considerations. Here is the dignity of man involved in a trumpery question of money. Gentlemen, if we respect the question of money, let us, for Heaven's sake, pay at least a similar tribute to the dignity of man.

Besides, I have experience to justify me in taking my present view of the matter. My friend, Baron von Tauchnitz of Leipzig, reprints my books for continental circulation. He is not obliged by law to pay me a farthing for doing so, but he invariably does pay me nevertheless. His own sense of honour is law enough, in this particular, for Baron von Tauchnitz. Is their own sense of honour not law enough also, in this particular, for Messrs Belinfante Brothers?

'The answer to that serious question, gentlemen, rests entirely with yourselves. Be so kind as to let me have it at your earliest convenience, and believe me faithfully yours,

(Signed) WILKIE COLLINS.'

This broadside seems to have had very considerable effect upon the Dutchmen. They did not know the weight of metal which their adversary carried, and were surprised at the skill with which his guns were worked. They thought perhaps that they had addressed themselves to some simple authoress to whom the glory of being translated into Dutch would be intoxicating. They now made their first acquaintance with the airy bitterness of Count Fosco, and they evidently did not know quite what to make of him. In an evil moment they resolved upon replying in the same style. It is a mistake for a Dutch-built vessel to endeavour to fight a nimble craft, which answers to her helm with rapidity, on her own terms. And yet, humorous as is Mr Collins's letter, there is something even still more amusing in the unconscious drollery of Messrs Belinfante Brothers' reply. After apologising for their mistake of sex, and rather cleverly remarking thereupon that they may now dispense with gallantry, and become merely practical, they proceed as follows:

'Permit us to say that this letter of yours reposes on a grave error as to the subject of our request. No treaty of international copyright existing between England and Holland—as you acknowledge yourself—how could there be any question of asking your authorisation to translate your novel in the Dutch language? The magazine we publish, and of which we offered you a copy (of course, not as a remuneration, but out of mere politeness), is full of translations from the best English, German, and French authors, whom we never thought to ask permission for what we consider our undoubted right, and who never suggested the idea of claiming a part of the profits of our publication. To be sure, we receive nothing gratis; we have to pay our translator, and our printer, and our paper-maker, but is this a reason to make those charges still heavier, and to diminish the already small profits by affording an allowance to every foreign author whose work is reproduced in our magazine?'

It is doubtful whether, outside the walls of the Old Bailey, effrontery has, in expression, ever gone so far as this, although in fact every American or foreign publisher who takes advantage of the incomplete state of the law with respect to Litera-

ture, exhibits an equal callousness to honesty and honour. In this case, however, it brought its own punishment. The *Belinfante Brothers* would have been an iron-clad indeed—and she had several tough skins, and a complete sheathing of anti-conscientious teak—if she had not felt the sting of this answering broadside.

'GENTLEMEN—The grave error that I have committed is the error of assuming you to be more just and more enlightened men than you are.

'Your answer to my letter tells me what I was previously unwilling to believe—that you have persisted so long in publishing books by authors of all nations, without paying for them, that any protest against that proceeding on my part, which appeals to your sense of a moral distinction between right and wrong, appeals to something that no longer exists.

'What am I to say to men who acknowledge that they and the people whom they employ all derive profit from publishing my book, and who, owning this, not only repudiate the bare idea of being under any pecuniary obligations towards me as the writer of the book, but shamelessly assert their own act of spoliation to be a right—because no law happens to exist which prohibits that act as a wrong? There is nothing to be said to persons who are willing to occupy such a position as this. What is to prevent men who trade on such principles as these from picking my pocket if they see their way to making a profit out of my handkerchief?

'There is absolutely nothing to prevent their picking my pocket, and what is more, indignantly informing me that it is their right, unless by some lucky chance English handkerchiefs are better cared for than English literature, and are protected in Holland by law.

'Suppose international copyright to be one of these days established between England and Holland, what would become of you and your right then? You would have no alternative left but to curse the cruel fate which made you Dutchmen, and retire from business.

'Returning before I close these lines to your answer to my letter, I have to add that I have not in the least mistaken the nature of your application to me on the subject of the illustrations. It is the most indecent application I ever heard of in my life. You ask me to help you to pay honestly for obtaining the illustrations to my story, telling me in the same breath that you claim a right to take the story itself without paying for it. And this to me as the author of the story! Do you expect me to notice such an application as that? It would be accepting an insult to notice it.

'For the rest—whether you do or do not take my book from me—I persist, in the interest of public morality, in asserting my right to regard as my own property the produce of my own brains and my own labour, any accidental neglect in formally protecting the same in any country notwithstanding. I declare any publisher who takes my book from me with a view to selling it, in any form, for his own benefit—without my permission, and without giving me a share in his profits—to be guilty of theft, and to be morally, if not legally, an outlaw and a pest among honest men.—Your obedient servant,

(Signed) WILKIE COLLINS.'

The result of this second broadside was remarkable. The pirates lowered their flag, paid a visit

to the ship of the British commander, shook hands with him on his own quarter-deck, and said: 'An entirely new idea strikes us, sir. We begin to think you are right.' To drop metaphor, the Dutch publishers shewed themselves (on receipt of Mr Collins's second letter) to be possessed of two rare capacities—the capacity for seeing both sides of a question, and the capacity for honestly owning it, when they were convinced. Of their own free will, they offered Mr Collins the share in the profit produced by his book for which he had stipulated. And, more than this, they declared their intention of honourably pursuing the same course, for the future, in the case of other English authors whose works they might translate. Here, then, is the principle of international copyright admitted by foreign publishers, at the instance of an English writer, addressing them in the interests of English literature. It remains for the national legislature, on either side, to do the rest.

We have transferred the narrative of this combat to our columns in detail, because of the great importance of the cause at issue. It is remarkable in itself, on account of the reputation of the captain on the English side, who stood to his guns so well and manfully; but it is of much greater interest, inasmuch as the battle which he fought is the battle of every English author, present and to come, until a great act of justice shall be done them, a flagrant injury redressed. We have now a ministry in power who pique themselves upon performing such good deeds. Let us hope they will bestir themselves to do away with what all who read as well as write should feel to be a shameful omission in the law between countries calling themselves civilised—that they will hasten to redress what may be truly termed a National Wrong.

THE SLAVE-TRADE AS IT NOW IS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

OF the capture of the slaves, and their terrible journey to the coast, there is little need to speak; we have all been familiar with such accounts from our infancy. And the same system still exists; the same midnight attacks upon quiet inland villages; the same lurid glare lighting up the tall forest trees, and shewing to their captors the whereabouts of each shrieking victim, vainly endeavouring to find a refuge in the bosom of the great woods. Also the same harrowing scenes of business-like cruelty, where the love of gain makes very fiends of the Arabs engaged in the unholy pursuit. Old men and women, and suckling babes, are systematically put to death; parent and child, husband and wife, are separated; every tie of friendship or love is snapped; the men are beaten into subjection, and the women—ah! well, God help them. The captured slaves are bound together indiscriminately; and so commences the long and weary march to the inland market or sea-side barracoon. Exposed to sun and rain, with little food and less water, their poor backs torn by whips, and lacerated with bonds, dragging their tired limbs through thorny jungles, and over burning sands, no wonder they arrive at length on the market-ground timid, broken-spirited, apathetic, and utterly hopeless. Their appearance, when squatting in groups on the ground, has often put me in mind—God forgive me

the simile—of a flock of hens huddled together in the corner of a field on a rainy day, even to the few low and pitiful words, occasionally uttered by the poor dejected women; for the men never speak, but sit still, silent, firm, and sad.

The captured slaves are led in gangs to be sold at a sort of inland market. Here the buyers from the coast—dark-skinned Arabs and half-caste Portuguese—meet, and make their purchases. Although even at Zanzibar a slave may be bought for a few dollars, here the price is infinitely cheaper, the best slaves being bartered for two or three small bags of rice, and some for one. Having changed owners, the weary journey to the coast is continued, where they are congregated in the darkest corner of a mangrove forest, adjacent to a creek, where, hidden beneath the friendly boughs that overhang the muddy waters, lie the slave-dhows that have crept in under shadow of night. The slaves are soon put in irons, and packed in the holds of these filthy vessels; water is taken on board; and all is now ready for the voyage as soon as the coast is clear. To ascertain, however, that no British cruiser is lurking about, a filthy-looking peasant negro is sent forth to pull about in his little canoe, and, under pretence of fishing, to gain the necessary information. If all is right, the dhow is towed from its hiding-place, the immense sail is hoisted, and away with the light wind goes the Arab slaver. They never keep far out to sea, but hug the shore, so that if menaced by a man-of-war, they may run on shore, disembark their cargo, and hide in the woods. It is difficult to imagine, far less to describe, the sufferings of these wretched creatures in their voyage to Zanzibar. In mind, too, they suffer, as well as in body: they know what they *have* undergone, they know what they *are* undergoing; but the future is a horrible chasm, filled with terrible imaginings, into which they dare not look. In the large poop astern of the dhow, the officers and owners live; the filth even of this place is extreme; but between decks, where the slaves are packed together like sheep in an Irish steam-boat, the stench and abomination of every kind beggar description. On the voyage, many die of sheer sea-sickness, some from their wounds, some from fever, and some from *madness*. The dead are at once thrown overboard, to feed the hungry sharks. A few of those who are most sick are allowed to crawl about the decks for some hours daily; and the rest get up to breathe in batches, except when a stiff breeze is blowing, and the hatches are battened down. Their food is generally dirty rice boiled, and sometimes—not often—shark. Arrived at Zanzibar, they are marched at once to the market.

The usual method adopted by the cruisers, in order to secure their prizes, is, either to act on 'information received,' or to make short voyages to the north or south, visiting all the likely haunts of the slavers, and boarding every vessel they fall in with. Living on board a gun-boat, therefore, is rather hot work, what with the sun above and the engine-fires below—for the chase is an everyday occurrence. Those beggarly dhows, too, are by no means civil, and, whether innocent or guilty, seldom think of lying to until fired at. A bursting shell, however, generally puts the matter in a different light. The captured dhows are of course committed to the flames, and the slaves set free in Zanzibar; while the owner or captain may go where he

pleases, unless he has fought in his own defence, in which case he is treated and tried as a pirate.

There are several classes of slave-dhows to be met with, but differing merely in size and wretchedness—from the small open boat, whose owner, in addition to a cargo of rice or roots, ventures on speculating with three or four slaves; to the large decked two-masted southern dhow, with two or three hundred in her hold below; or the still larger fighting-dhow of the north, roofed over with bamboo and grass, and defended by ninety or a hundred brave and determined Arabs. Of the first class was the first dhow I ever saw chased. I remember how bright the day was, for there was not a cloud as big as a man's hand in all the sky, so the sun had it all his own way, and right fiercely blazed he down on the waveless ocean, for, saving a cat's-paw here and there, the wind had died away entirely. All morning, we had been steaming steadily northward, and were nearly on the Line; our hopes of a chase were faint indeed, for the ocean all around was silent and deserted, and destitute of life or sign of life, with the exception of one very lazy dolphin sunning himself on the surface of the water. The captain was lolling over the bulwarks, and gazing listlessly at the strange shore along which we were coasting—round sandy hills and 'braes,' treeless, bare, and barren—when he was startled into life by the Krooman's voice from the mast-head: 'A sail, sar, right in below dat point of land.'

'Go ahead at full speed. Keep her away. Clear away the port, Armstrong.'

Two men were placed in the bow-chains, to prevent unpleasant consequences from running on shore. We would have soon been within hail of the dhow, had not fortune seemed to favour her, for just then a light breeze sprang up, carrying her in towards land. By-and-by we were near enough to fire; and first one, then another shot tore up the water ahead of her. But the dhow kept on unheeding. This looked so suspicious that the next order was: 'Fire at her.' This was done, and repeated thrice, but either the dhow had a charm, or our gunner a squint, for one ball fell to the right, the second was too high, and the third a beautiful specimen of ricochet. A well-aimed shell, however, burst right over her, and down dropped the dhow's sail, and by-and-by we were alongside.

I shall never forget the appearance of the gallant captain of the wretched little craft. He was a perfect Yahoo of niggers: he stood bolt upright, astern, with the tiller in his hand, with the sun shining on his well-oiled shaven skull and naked body, enough to have broiled his brains if he had had any. He was blubber-lipped, pig-eyed, and pock-pitted. A young half-caste Arab—his wife—crouched at his feet, timidly clasping his knees; while his crew consisted of one baboon and one perfectly naked boy. From the captain to the baboon all these seemed paralysed with terror. We learned, through our interpreter, that it was fear alone that caused them to flee from us, being convinced we would hang them for—they didn't know what. The filthy craft was searched; but except a few bags of rice—no doubt meant as slave-food—nothing suspicious was found; and we were not sorry to cast him off, for the odour of the Araby maid was by no means so balmy as could have been desired, nor that of the captain and crew quite frangipannic.

Most of even the moderately well-armed dhows will rather flee than fight; but whether they fight or flee, they do so to the very last. We once got word of a dhow that intended to creep out from the north of Zanzibar under cover of the night. We had two boats waiting conveniently, and gave her chase; and a long chase it was too, for the dhow was literally riddled with our bullets, and her sail blown to ribbons, before we got up with and boarded her. There could not be a living thing on deck, we thought, and we were right, although no one was killed, for they had put the dhow before the wind, lashed the helm amidships, then gone below, and lain there safely enough all the while. There were sixty slaves on board.

The prize-money is paid according to the tonnage—five pounds a ton; or according to the number of slaves—five pounds a slave. The measurement of the vessel is often intrusted to a petty officer; and if he does err—and I don't say he doesn't—he takes good care it is on the safe side for himself and the ship's company.

It is not often, now-a-days, that a large vessel, Spanish or Portuguese, falls to our lot; but it is indeed a delicious sensation to be bounding away over the blue Indian Ocean after a suspected three-master. The excitement rises with every knot that is gained, and culminates with the first shot that is fired. During the American war, we had a great deal of chasing of big ships, and about as many disappointments, for they nearly always turned out to be Yankee merchant-men, who had mistaken us for the *Alabama*, and given us plenty of sea-room.

Of course a great deal of emulation exists between the different vessels engaged in slaver-hunting, and the chagrin is great among the crew of one vessel, if some rival gets a prize that ought to have been theirs. Such, at least, was ours, after following a large three-masted vessel for the space of three months. During this time we boarded her thrice, and at last, unhappily, gave her up in despair. One week afterwards, she was taken as a lawful prize by the saucy wee *Ariel*. They had found what we failed to find—slave-irons, stowed away in bags of flour and peas.

Many of the dhows that are taken and condemned are captured by the aid of boats. With provisions for a certain time, varying from a week to a month, or even two, plenty of quinine and medical comforts, these boats, fully armed and equipped, are detached from the vessel, with orders to cruise in and about the coast and smaller islands, and to be at the place of rendezvous by an appointed day. This service is sometimes hard enough, not to say dangerous. The men have many a hard day's work, and many a tussle with wind and weather. If it be too stormy to land to cook their food, this must be done on a fire built on a few stones in the bottom of the boat; or, if this be impracticable, a bit of raw pork, a biscuit steeped in the sea, and a modest glass of rum, form the dinner of both officers and men. But British sailors are easily pleased, and, whether by sea or land, in sunshine or storm, or on the eve of battle itself, the laugh and joke, the song and the yarn, are never wanting.

To the north of the Line, the coast is very dangerous to land on. If we go there to buy sheep or goats, we go armed to the teeth; the Somalis meet us on the same footing; and the bargain is

concluded with suspicion and distrust on both sides. Not many years ago, three boats, with fifteen men and an officer, belonging to the ship in which I had the honour of serving, were sent a-cruising for some weeks. At the appointed time and place, they were waited for in vain; and after much searching and trouble, their sad and tragic fate was elicited. It seems they had been drifted by an adverse current far to the northward. For many days they were carried onwards, short of food, and, worse still, short of water. They knew the unfriendliness of the tribes on the coast; but at last, weak and weary, and with parched tongues, they were fain to sue for help and shelter at a place called Bareda—a wild Somali village, built on the sands, and surrounded at some distance by desolate rocky mountains. These treacherous savages—numbering many hundreds—with a promise of food and water, enticed to the back of the village the officer, poor F—, and six of the crew: the rest were left in charge of the boats. After waiting long and anxiously for the return of their comrades, the others, except one man, ventured to go in quest of them, and found that every one of them had been foully murdered. The savages were squabbling over the booty, but soon turned their attention to the new-comers. The fight was short but bloody, and these poor fellows soon lay beside the rest, pierced by many a spear. The one poor fellow left with the boats, warned by the cries and shouts that gradually neared the shore, attempted to put out to sea, but was followed, severely wounded, taken prisoner, and conveyed into the interior of Africa as a slave.

It was averred by some Somalis that this wretched man was afterwards slain; this was again denied; and the belief at Zanzibar is that he or some other Englishman or men are still retained in slavery among the tribes far inland; else how does it happen that many hides, known to be brought from the interior of Africa, are *marked with English letters*? When our vessel, in company with another, arrived before Bareda, the natives, knowing the day of retribution had come, were already in motion towards the hills; so that before we had landed our men, there was but little chance of vengeance. After a long and ineffectual pursuit, night coming on, we returned, and laid the village in ashes—a by no means difficult task. The boats' sails and some articles of clothing—among which was the sleeve of the poor sub-lieutenant's coat—were found, but all dark and stiff with the blood of our late shipmates. After a siege of not very long duration, the chief capitulated, and gave up nine men as the chief murderers. He pleaded in extenuation a quarrel which our men had put on his 'boys,' and also that they had already had severe loss, the sub-lieutenant (he was above six feet) killing five Somalis with his own sword. So the death of these nine unfortunates was deemed sufficient to satisfy the ends of justice. Accordingly, on the day after, they were dragged to the place of execution and burial—the sea-beach; but now an unforeseen difficulty arose—there was no one to do these men to death; the Somalis wouldn't, and our men said *they* wouldn't. At last the difficulty was solved: one of the condemned was offered, and accepted life if he would slay his companions.

The doomed wretches took up their position in single file on the sands, standing with folded hands and bent necks calmly waiting death. One

by one their heads rolled on the ground—the bleeding trunk falling forward after—one by one, till all had fallen. Right well had the savage Calcraft done his duty; then, pausing, he looked around with a grim smile of exultation. Poor devil! little did he know—the Somalis had smelt blood. Did he see it in their faces? Perhaps, for he dropped the dripping sword, and fled along the shore. Fast he fled, but more swiftly still sped the spears of the Indians, and the victim of his own selfishness fell to the ground, covered with a hundred wounds.

There is little reason to dwell long on the horrors of slavery. After the slaves have been actually landed at their final destination, their sufferings have to a great extent ended—at least they are mitigated; and I do not think the Arabs in general use their slaves so badly as they were used in the Southern States of America, as depicted by Mrs H. B. Stowe. Time, too, generally manages to heal the deepest wounds; but oh! nothing can exceed, no words can overrate, the horror of the first onslaught of the slave-seekers on the peaceful villages they attack. The negroes who are mostly favoured with the attention of these fiends in human shape are a tribe or tribes of blacks very deficient in both cunning and courage, but none the less do they feel the agony of the fate that changes them from free men to beasts of burden. They love their wives and children with as deep, and true, and jealous a love as that of any European; they have, in their own small villages and communities, the same ties, and loves, and friendships as those possessed by any town in Old England. Then fancy, if you can, the first bursting of the thunderbolt of slavery over some devoted village.

CONTRAST.

'NEATH the green limes of sunny climes

I mark in earnest talk,

A withered flower—gone bloom and power—

A young bud on the stalk.

O gray-haired man, who fain would ban

All pleasure to the boy,

Whose cranks and quips from shrivelled lips

Deal death to every joy!

O man of guile, with soulless smile,

O cringing slave to Gold,

Tell not to him thy story grim,

A tale best left untold!

O stern and cold, O gray and old,

Cast not thy shadow o'er

The faith of youth, the trust and truth

That *thou* canst feel no more!

But let his hours be wreathed with flowers;

His Dawn, ere rises Day,

Be bright and fair, as *thy* days were,

Ere winter chilled thy May!

There is a time for jest and rhyme—

Life's clouds rise all too soon;

Its snows descend toward the end:

Let roses blow in June!

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